skin, he looks like a perfect old soak. This is the way I like him; this is the way he is *himself.*

I am to meet him Tuesday at the Bach concert

Pierre Louys was too Ionian and I too Dorian for us to agree.

Charmoy has returned very ill from a visit to the madhouse of … (Nemours, I think). De Max had already given me bad news of him, A card invites me to go to his studio and see the busts of Nietzsche, Beethoven, and Zola. In his studio there is a crowd, but Mme de Charmoy is receiving alone; she tells me that Jose has been in bed for a week and asks me to go and see him. They have left their apartment on the impasse du Maine, probably too expensive. I reach 91 rue de Vaugirard, in front of a regular slum stairway. On the second floor the key is in the door, for there is no bell on the landing. A sort of dark anteroom, then the room in which Charmoy is lying. A lot of photographs trying to hide the ugliness of the walls. A bare box-spring under a mattress in a corner; a bedspread of the most ordinary kind, a blanket of a sort of brown rep. In the room, forming a semicircle around the bed, a rather faded girl with the face and headdress of a young page by Carpaccio, a lawyer, an unknown man, then, enormous, cutting off all the light from the window, Jean de Bonnefon. On Jose's bed some mimosa branches, which he is ruffling with his bloodless hands; his velvet jacket suits his excessive pallor. I sit on the foot of the bed, where are piled up a feather muff, an umbrella, and some coats. Jean de Bonnefon's speech has more flavor than his writing; he didn't bore me a single moment Soon he yields his place to Mile Anne See and to the female doctor Contat.

Charmoy talks of the madhouse and gives me a desire to go there with Dupouey, who has just returned.

On my way home I stop in at the Drouins', where I find Jean Schlumberger. He comes to the house at dusk and stays to dinner. I force myself to play him Dukas's variations and succeed in not getting too excited over the first ones.

This clerk in Durand's would reconcile me with humanity. With the few hints I give him he finds in the Peters collection the Bach Fugue in B minor on a theme by Albinoni, which poor old La P6rouse would like to have and which I shall be so happy to take to him. I receive the music this evening on getting home — exhausted, I don't know just why, by my visit to *Vers et Prose,* where I went to return to Paul Fort the proofs of the *Potties £ Andre Walter,* which he is repubHshing.

Too tired to go to the Laurenses* *as* I wanted to, I go home, read *Dingley,* and perfect my playing of some Debussy compositions.